DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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DR. WILKES.

We give in this number of the *Messenger* the portrait of a man whose memory will always be cherished in Canada as one who during a long life helped to lay broad and deep the foundation of righteousness, truth and morality, on which only a truly prosperous community can be built up. The Rev. Henry Wilkes, D.D., who died on the 17th of November, wielded for fifty years an immense influence for good, not only in the city of Montreal where he was the pastor of one of the leading congregations, but throughout the whole of Canada which half or even quarter of a century ago was a much smaller and more easily reached country than it is now.

Henry Wilkes was born in 1805 in Birmingham, England. In 1820 the family of which he was the eldest son arrived in Ontario, then Upper Canada, and two years later he came to Montreal and became a clerk in the employ of Mr. John Torrance. Five years after, in 1827, he was admitted into the business as a partner. About the same time he became a member of the American Presbyterian Church, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Christmas. Like most of the men who have left their mark on the world for good, he was the son of an earnest Christian mother and his Christian aspirations could not be satisfied by a mere business life. Accordingly, in 1828, seeing the need which Canada had of a thoroughly educated ministry, and having, as he stated many years after in an anniversary sermon, the means of paying his way without dependence on any one, he went to Glasgow, Scotland, to study for the ministry under the Rev. Ralph Wardlaw. In 1833 he took the degree of M. A. and entered immediately on the pastorate of the Albany Street Independent Church in Edinburgh. His theology was thoroughly evangelical and during his years of student life he had had much practice in preaching. His work was blessed from the first, and finding in his church a membership of 140 he left it three years later with a membership of 240.

The young and earnest-hearted minister had accepted this charge on the explicit and recorded understanding that as soon as the British Congregational churches were prepared to take up Canada as a field for colonial missions his services would be at their command should they be desired. Accordingly, in 1836, he received a notification from London that if he would relinquish his Edinburgh charge and go out to Canada, acting as its agent, they would form the Colonial Mission of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. At the same time a call reached him from the small Congregational Church in Montreal and seeing in this conjunction of things a plain leading of Providence he took leave of his attached flock and sailed for New York, arriving with his family in Montreal in 1836.

THE LATE REV. HENRY WILKES, D.D.

In the sermon before quoted, preached in 1878, he says: "Though arriving in August I did not take charge here until the first Sunday in October, for I had to visit the leading points in Upper Canada and in the Townships of Lower Canada, as agent of the Colonial Mission. The design was to furnish that Society with general and local information by which they might be guided in selecting and sending out suitable ministers of Jesus Christ." The former pastor, the Rev. Mr. Miles, had left a membership of 48, and an average attendance of 100. Both grew steadily and the little building was often full in the evening,—even French-Canadian young men coming "to improve their knowledge of the English language." Toward the close of the St. Maurice street period a determined attack was made on the fundamental Christian doctrines in this city, and Mr. Wilkes's replies were listened to by crowded audiences for nine Sunday evenings. "I am not," he says, "favorable to rushing at all times into controversy, for it often distracts the mind without any corresponding benefit. But there are occasions when it is our duty to stand for the defence of the Gospel, and I have ever thought that this was one of them.

"During all this period I was secretary to our Auxiliary Bible Society, and from 1839 an active promoter and officer of the French Canadian Missionary Society. It was my custom to make an annual visit to our newly planted churches in the Eastern Townships, and also north-west of the city. As I drove my own sleigh and went alone, I had some rough experience amid our severe winter storms. During several weeks of one summer I was engaged, at the instance of the Mission, in visiting the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, looking after our lonely churches there, and making arrangements for the occupancy of new fields."

The Mercantile Library Association and the Mechanics' Institute having come into existence, lectures began to be desired; and Dr. Wilkes prepared and delivered free of any charge quite a number on commerce and on the elements of Mental and Moral Science. "These," it is said, "were delivered in public halls; and I remember one occasion when the Earl of Elgin and his suite were on the platform, and after my lecture on 'Freedom of Mind,' that nobleman, then Governor-General, delivered an eloquent address to the Association."

The Church meanwhile was growing steadily. While in St. Maurice street it was recognized as a power in the community and in 1846 it moved to the well known Zion church in Beaver Hall. There Dr. Wilkes preached with rare exceptions twice every Sunday until in 1870 he was called to the Principalship of the Congregational College. His preaching was distinguished by its sound doctrine and its thoroughly evangelical character. His texts were not chosen as a nail on which to hang his thoughts and theories, but he found in each of them a "Thus saith the Lord" which it was his duty and privilege to lay before his hearers. If there was one part of the sermon thoroughly impressed upon the minds of old and young it was the passage of Scripture on which the discourse was founded, and in this was, doubtless, the secret of the continued success and popularity of a pastorate of thirty-five years. The Bible is practically inexhaustible and a man who preaches its truth need never be at a loss for new themes to interest his audience. His sermons were, as a general thing, specially intended in the morning to build up Christians and in the evening to bring in the unconverted, but he made it a rule never to preach without making the way of salvation through Christ so plain that a chance hearer, whose last sermon it might be, would be without excuse if he neglected the offer. Under this teaching, joined with loving pastoral care, a large number of young people were gathered into the church and the activity of young and old in evangelical and benevolent effort both inside and outside of the denomination became phenomenal. The influence exercised in this way by the pastor cannot be estimated, as those who passed through the church in Montreal are now scattered over the continent and the world, and very many have gone to heaven before him who owe their conversion to his efforts. Another secret of the success of the church was that every member, official or otherwise, was expected to do his part in the working of the Church. The Sunday School, the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, the ladies' prayer-meeting, the young ladies' prayer-meeting, the young men's prayer-meeting and other associations were kept up vigorously, and frequently daily prayer-meetings at eight o'clock in the morning or in the evening were sustained for weeks together, bearing satisfactory witness to the vigorous spiritual life of the church. Dr. Wilkes was remarkable for his vigorous health and immense vitality. It is said that in his 35 years pastorate he was only kept from his pulpit two Sundays and then by being thrown from his horse. He walked a great deal and used to saw wood for exercise. For the last ten years of his life, however, he was unable to walk except on crutches, but his general health remained good and his activity because even more

noticeable than before. He continued his lectures at the Theological College until within a few days of his death, and his trip to England last summer was a wonderful achievement for a crippled man of eighty-one. Some sentences from an address given at the funeral by the Rev. G. H. Wells of the American Presbyterian church may conclude this notice of one of our most noted Canadian divines. "He never aimed at brilliancy of diction or imagination, but he was a good student and a strong expounder of the sacred Word. His congregation was distinguished for both its spiritual and intellectual power. He showed ministers and churches that it is safe to walk in simple and in quiet ways. Many a man, placed as he was as the standard bearer of Congregationalism, would have become a narrow and sectarian zealot. Dr. Wilkes though loving Congregationalism as a scriptural and sensible order of church polity, never allowed it to separate him by a hair's breadth from his Christian brethren. He was a Christian first, a Congregationalist afterward, a sectarian or bigot, never. All movements to promote the public welfare had his earnest support.

"A few days ago the Evangelical Alliance, though aware of his illness, again placed him at the head of its affairs. He was a living evangelical alliance in himself. He was a living bond of union between all denominations. Since his release from his own pulpit work, how ready has he been to oblige any brother needing help! When he could no longer stand to speak, he would address us sitting, like a veritable and venerable Bishop speaking *ex cathedra* from his chair. In fact he sometimes shamed far younger and less enterprising men.

"Dr. Wilkes' recent trip to the Old Country was a striking proof of his great energy and courage. In London his voice filled the hall where assembled the body that had sent him out just fifty years before, and gave him a royal welcome; though he must have been well nigh the only one in the assembly that had met in 1836. That grand occasion was a fitting culmination of his career. It was the wreath that his brethren placed upon him just before the Master called him higher and set the crown upon his brow. The exertions and excitements of that journey were too great a tax on his strength. He fell ill, gradually lost the power of motion and of speech, and fell into unconsciousness. The old man became a little child, and fell asleep on the Eternal Father's breast. It was a merciful and a fitting end. We might have wished that he had heard death's coming footstep, and spoken words of advice and fond farewell to friends, to pupils, and to the loved ones of his home. But, after all, his life was the expression of his faith and love."

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

"What does that mean?" said a Christian disciple to an older brother, as he referred to a certain passage of Scripture. "What does it say?" was the answer. He read the passage over; "It says so and so." "Well, then, it means what it says." The first lesson in Scriptural exposition is one of the most important that can be learned. A preacher of the gospel once addressed a note to another minister inquiring: "How do you interpret such and such passages?" The answer was:

"Dear Sir,—I do not interpret God's Word; I believe it, and I advise you to do the same. Yours respectfully, SPURGEON."

GOD'S CARE.

A mother one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went upstairs to attend to something. A half-hour passed away, when one of the little ones went to the door of the stairs, and in a timid voice cried out, "Mamma, are you there?" "Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child, and the play went on. After a little time the voice again cried, "Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child again, and once more went on with her play.

And this is just the way we should feel toward Jesus. He has gone upstairs, to the right hand of God, to attend to some things for us. He has left us down in this lower room of the world to be occupied here for a while. But to keep us from being worried by fear or care, He speaks to us from the Word, as the mother spoke to her little ones. He says to us, "Fear not: for I am with thee."—*Rev. Dr. Newton.*

THE SHOEMAKER MISSIONARY.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

The greatest things in quiet places grow:
And men are like the trees, which need the light
And free fresh air to make them strong for life.
The noblest deeds in silence are thought out;
And plans are borne while only stars look on,
And hopes are whispered to the birds and flowers
Which keep the secret. So the grand oaks grow
That once were acorns; so the grand deeds, too,
That once were only dreams.

A little village in Northamptonshire
Became the home, a hundred years ago,
Of a young man, poor and unlearned at first,
Whose thoughts were clarion calls he needs must hear
And dared not disobey. He read the news
How India, with its costly merchandise,
Its wondrous wealth, and vast extent of land
Did now belong to England. And he read
How Agni, Soma, and a host of gods
Were worshipped by the Indians, and his heart
Was filled with longing to go forth, and tell
The good news of the love of Jesus Christ,
And the glad Heaven which He has made the home
For all the peoples of the Father's world.

Great need had he of patience. No one cared
To listen to the visionary talk
Of him they deemed fanatic. So he took
The little village church they offered him,
And when the stipend, ten or fifteen pounds,
Proved all too meagre, made the village shoes,
And mended them; and taught the village boys,
Making a globe of leather for his school,
And giving lessons in geography—
Chiefly of India. But the Moulton fields
Were his prayer-place, and the silent trees
Looked down the while he made his high resolves,
And the calm stars smiled with approving light,
And now and then the wakeful nightingale
Might hear another plaintive lay than hers
Break through the stillness, and "O Lord, how long?"
Come from the lips of Carey.

Much he tried
To get the ear of others. At all meeting-times,
When ministers together came for talk,
He was among them, and in earnest words
Pleaded the duty of the modern Church
To care for India. "God has given the land
To us," he cried, "and we must win it back
To Christ. Oh, brothers, why still hesitate?
Let us go forward, and attempt great things
For God, and then expect great things from God
Who will not disappoint us." Angrily
An older man cried out, "Sit down, young man."
Yet was not Carey silenced.

Many days
Passed on before he had his heart's desire;—
And then, behold, in far off Serampore
The man of Moulton! Honored, learned, praised,
Professor in the college; translator
Of the most Holy Book he loved so well,
Leader of modern missions, whose good name
Was spoken in our English parliaments
And in the homes of India; so he lived:
And, like a tree whose leaves for healing grew,
In stately strength and beauty reared his head,
Because his great true heart was brave for God.
—*Christian World, London.*

A QUESTION FOR A LAWYER.

While Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was in this country, he spent an evening in company where an infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him with difficult questions. At length Hopu said: "I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. Butsoon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us only one question, namely, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' Now, sir, I think I can say, yes. What will you say, sir?" When he had stopped, all present were silent. At length the lawyer said, as the evening was far gone they had better conclude it with prayer, and proposed that the Native should pray. He did so; and as he poured out his heart in supplication to God, the lawyer could not conceal his feelings. Tears started from his eyes, and he sobbed aloud. All present wept too, and when they had separated, the words, "What will you say, sir?" followed the lawyer home, and did not leave him till they brought him a penitent to the feet of the Saviour.—*Word of Life.*

A REPRESENTATIVE of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has interviewed the eminent chemist, M. Chevreul, who completed his hundredth year last week. "He attributes his extreme longevity to his simple and regular system of living, and to moderation in his habits. Early in youth he contracted a great repugnance for wine and liquor of all kinds, and has never allowed a drop to cross his lips—a point for the teetotalers. He has never smoked either—one for non-smokers."

DID YOU HAVE no conversions in your class, and are you tempted to throw up your position in the school, abandoning everything? Did you give yourself to earnest effort for this blessing of souls? Did you strive in every possible way to bring your lambs to the Saviour's waiting arms? Before you went to the school were you with Him for this very purpose, and did you take Him to the school with you? If away from Jesus yourself, what wonder if the scholars are away!

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(*From International Question Book.*)

LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 26.

REVIEW AND CHRISTMAS LESSON.

Reviewing, not merely the last Quarter, but briefly the three Quarters during which we have been studying the Life of Christ. The Review itself will be a fitting Christmas Lesson. For, from His birthday, we look forward to the life that grew out of it, and to the fruits of that life, and rejoice the more that Jesus was born at Bethlehem.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

LEADER.—And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots, and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him. (Isa. 11: 1, 2.)

SCHOOL.—For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. (Isa. 9: 6.)

L.—And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

S.—And lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

L.—And the Angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

S.—For unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

L.—And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

S.—And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

L.—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. (Luke 2: 8-14.)

S.—His name shall endure forever: His name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call him blessed. (Ps. 72: 17.)

L.—Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved. (Acts 4: 12.)

S.—But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name. (John 1: 12.)

L.—Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. (Rev. 5: 12.)

ALL.—Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen. (Rev. 1: 5, 6.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.—Luke 2: 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus of Bethlehem is the Redeemer of the world.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 1: 1-18.
T. Luke 2: 1-19.
W. Matt. 2: 1-15.
Th. Rom. 10: 1-21.
F. 1 Cor. 1: 18-31.
Sa. Rev. 5: 1-14.
Su. Rev. 21: 1-17.

SUBJECT: THE TRIUMPHANT REDEEMER.

I. THE REDEEMER BEFORE HIS COMING (2nd Quar.).—Who was Jesus before He came to this world? Where did He live? What works that we can see had He done? What is said of Him in Heb. 1: 2-6.

II. THE COMING OF THE REDEEMER (2nd Quar.).—Where was Jesus born? How long ago? In what town and country? Of what race? Who was His mother? The descendant of what great king was He? A member of what tribe of the Jews? What song did the angels sing at His birth? How were wise men guided from the East to His cradle? Where did He live? What were His outward circumstances? What story is told of His boyhood?

III. HIS LIFE WORK (2nd and 3rd Quar.).—What was Jesus' purpose in coming to this world? How old was He when He began His ministry? In what countries did He labor? What were some of His miracles? What great doctrine did He teach a ruler of the Jews? What great truth to a woman by a well? What great truth by supplying food to how many, and in what place? What did He teach by a miracle upon opening the eyes of a blind man? By raising whom from the dead did He teach another great truth? What two great sacraments did He institute? How long did His ministry continue?

IV. HIS DEATH (4th Quar., Less. 1-4).—When did Jesus die? In what way? In what place? Why did He yield to death? Where was He buried?

V. HIS RESURRECTION (4th Quar., Less. 5-7).—When did Jesus rise again? By whom was He seen? How many times? During how long a time? How did He close His earthly mission?

VI. HIS GLORIOUS EXISTENCE (4th Quar., Less. 9, 10).—Where has Jesus been since His resurrection? Describe His appearance there. What are His characteristics that most interest us? What is Jesus doing in heaven? What comfort and strength do you find in the knowledge of a glorified Saviour?

VII. HIS TRIUMPH (4th Quar., Less. 10, 11).—How is the final triumph of the Redeemer shown? What is said of the number of the saved? What of the place in which they are to live? Is this result worthy of the coming of Jesus to this world? Who are invited to come to the city of God? What must they do to enter?

LESSON I.—JANUARY 2.

THE BEGINNING.—Gen. 1: 20-31; 2: 1-3.

COMMIT VERSES 2: 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.—Gen. 1: 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should worship, love, and obey God our Creator.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Gen. 1: 1-25.
T. Gen. 1: 26 to 2: 3.
W. Isa. 40: 12-18.
Th. John 1: 1-13.
F. Ps. 19: 1-14.
Sa. Ps. 8: 1-9.
Su. Col. 1: 9-20.

THE PENTATEUCH.—"The five-fold book," includes the first five books of the Bible, which were only one book in the Hebrew.

GENESIS.—It means ORIGIN, and treats of the beginnings of all things.

AUTHOR.—Moses, who lived B.C., 1571-1451.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. THE CREATOR: a personal God, a spirit, "infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His Being, wisdom, power, justice, goodness, truth, and love."

THE CREATION.—(1) All things have their origin in God. (2) The description here is not in scientific, but in popular language, but is true to fact. (3) The facts as recorded here are in marvellous agreement with the latest verdicts of science. (4) Therefore they must have been revealed by God. (5) The word CREATE is used of the origin of matter, of life, of man,—the very points where science must stop, having been utterly unable to originate matter, or life, or spirit. (6) The seven days are divine days, ages long. In the first three, before sun was formed, there were no 24-hour days.

MAN IN OUR IMAGE: a spirit like God's, with reason, will, conscience, feelings, innocent and holy. Man's body was made from the dust, and is still so made, the elements of the body being the same as the elements of dust. LET THEM HAVE DOMINION: intellect and character must rule. All the powers of earth are made to serve man's good. 27. MALE AND FEMALE: woman, as well as man, is the creation of God, and with him has dominion. See chap. 2: 7, 21-24. 28. GOD BLESSED THEM: God wants His people to be happy, and the world full of good and happy beings. 1. ALL THE HOST: every individual in his place like an organized army. 2. AND HE RESTED ON THE SEVENTH DAY: nothing has been created since the advent of man. The seventh day is the Divine day, the long period in which we are living, and God is caring for created things and for the spiritual nature of man. This is the origin of our Sabbath.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the Pentateuch? Why so called? Meaning of Genesis? Who wrote this book, and where? Could Moses have known of himself all the things written here?

SUBJECT: THE CREATION,—GOD'S WORK AND MAN'S DUTY.

I. THE CREATOR.—Who made all things? Through which person of the Godhead? (John 1: 1-3.) What was the work of the Spirit? (Gen. 1: 2.) What do we learn about God from this narrative? Where else do we learn more about Him? (John 4: 24; 1 Cor. 8: 6; 1 Tim. 1: 17.)

What two names are applied to God in Genesis? Why does God say, let Us make, etc.? What is the best definition of God? What difference does it make to us whether there is a Creator or not?

II. THE CREATION.—During how many days was the process of creation? What was done on the first day? the second? the third? the fourth? the fifth? the sixth? Were these days of 24 hours long, or Divine days extending over long periods? In reference to what is the word CREATE used? (Gen 1: 1, 21, 27.) What is the difference between CREATE and MADE?

Does this account agree with modern science? Point out the harmony. How does this prove the inspiration of Genesis? Must God's Works and God's Word agree?

III. THE CREATION OF MAN (vs. 26-31).—On which of the six days was man created? Of what was his body made? (Gen. 2: 7.) In whose likeness was his spirit created? What is meant by the image of God? Over what was man to have dominion? Why? Has man such dominion now? How was woman created? (Gen. 2: 20-24.) How should we act toward our Creator? (1 Tim. 1: 17; Matt. 22: 37; Ps. 107: 8; Eccl. 12: 13.) What was given them for food? Was man, as well as all nature, good at that time?

Is any nobler method of creation of man conceivable than this? Is it said how man's body was formed of the dust? Would the statements here made agree with the theory of evolution, so far as the body is concerned? Is the soul a direct, immediate creation of God? What comfort and hope in the fact that we are made in God's image? What duties arise from our being created beings? What from our dominion over nature?

IV. THE SABBATH (vs. 1-3).—On which day did God rest? Rest from what? Is that Divine seventh day still continuing? What is God doing on the seventh day? (John 5: 17; 3: 16, 17; Heb. 13: 20, 21.) What ought we to do on every seventh day? Repeat the fourth commandment. Should we keep that day after the example of God? In what respects?

Why is it not said of the seventh day, "There was evening," as after the other days? Has anything been created since the advent of man? What does God's example teach us about keeping the Sabbath? Does this show that the duty of Sabbath-keeping is universal? If we keep Sunday, do we keep every seventh day?

THE HOUSEHOLD.

PICTURE-FRAMES.

Not long since I was visiting a young relative who had, by the course of circumstances, become the head of a fine large country home, but which was in many respects too old-fashioned to suit modern ideas. With the iconoclastic taste of the young, the girl immediately set to work to remodel many things, and by her vigorous efforts the house began to look more like those of her stylish neighbors. One rainy day, when the state of the roads prevented alike our going out or any one coming in, when, even the mail and the daily paper were delayed, we walked around the rooms and through the halls trying to see what improvement next should be attempted.

"Now these really distress me," exclaimed Annie. "Look at those pictures; they are all good; some are even beyond the average; there are two or three fine portraits, and some very pretty landscapes—all worthy, I am sure, of better frames than those old battered relics of antiquity. What shall I do with them?"

"Can not we contrive some way of remodelling them?" I replied.

"Oh, if we only could do so, then our rooms would be adorned, instead of having these shabby frames to belittle them," was Annie's answer.

So we set to work with our wits and our fingers, and the results were so satisfactory that it seems worth while to let others into our secrets, only premising that it took more than one rainy day, and sunny ones, too, to complete our projects, and that, like most objects worth attaining, we did not mind a failure at first, but persevered until we succeeded, and the results justified our efforts.

The first bad cases that came under our notice were oval portrait frames; of course we removed the pictures first. They were not very large or cumbersome, but the same treatment would do equally well for a large frame as a small one.

They were well cleaned off with a feather duster and a soft rag before anything else could be done with them; but as they had originally been gilded they could not, of course, be wet with water. Next we made a thin glue by dissolving white glue in hot water to the consistence of ordinary paste. Then with a soft flat brush, such as is used for varnishing, every part of the face of the frame was washed over with the glue as hot as it could be put on. Before it had time to cool we shook grains of rice and coarse hominy thickly over it, and left it to dry thoroughly before touching it. Impatient as we were to finish it, we had to leave it until the next day before doing so, in order to allow it to become quite hard. Then the grains that did not happen to adhere to the frames were gently shaken off, and we had it all ready for gilding, which was done with the following preparation:—

Have on hand one ounce of bronze powder—that called pale gold is the best—and a bottle of white size. You can procure all these materials at any artists' furnishing establishment. You do not need to mix very much at a time, for the bronze powder is a very fine dust, and a little goes a long way. A table-spoonful, for instance, of the bronze gold powder stirred thoroughly into enough of the sizing to make the whole the consistency of syrup is quite sufficient for a good-sized frame. Now with a brush similar to the one used for the glue carefully gild the entire frame, leaving no part untouched, for of course it would not do for any of the little grains to appear separate. When finished the effect produced is the same, with its rough appearance, as those so expensive and fashionable of late. Of course the sides and ends of the frame must be touched up with the gilding, but they do not need the glue. Tapioca and sago are nice to use if rice and coarse hominy are not at hand, or even with them they look well.

Happening to walk as far as the barn one afternoon, where the carpenter was making some improvements, we descried a heap of rough laths. "The very thing!" I remarked to Annie. "Measure your pictures, pick out the roughest pieces of lath you can find—for the rougher the better for our purpose—then get the carpenter to cut them in proper lengths." These we fastened together with glue and brads at the four corners, and afterward covered them all over with a coating of the liquid gold. They presented, when finished, a rough, gilded appearance which would not do discredit to any picture. The gilding effectually concealed the brads and glue and the homeliness of the original material.

Rustic frames are now out of date, but for young people and those who like to try their skill in everything, it may be as well to hint that quite pretty frames of that description can be made from the wood of the sweet-gum tree tacked on to an old frame with brads, and then varnished over. The bark of the sweet-gum tree is very peculiar, being so rough as to resemble carved wood-work, so it can be easily laid on in imitation of what is most in vogue at present in the way of carved wooden frames, and the effect will be similar. The color, too—a rich dark brown—is very suitable for a frame.—*Harper's Bazar.*

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

Good housekeeping should be built upon the strong foundations of self-respect, comfort and system.

Were not these foundations more considered some years ago than they are at present?

I am not a pessimist, yet I think it requires great strength of will and purpose in an individual to withstand the tendency of the period. The period is fond of show, of exterior adornment, of sumptuous living

Our temptation, is to the putting of the best foot forward, always. Our boys and girls at school are not usually brave enough to acknowledge that they cannot afford whatever is possible for their companions. For example, each succeeding season finds the cost of graduation a tax which not unfrequently obliges the plain mechanic or workingman to withdraw his daughter from the high school in which she is entitled to her diploma, before the advent of the day in which she is to receive it.

I have seen a little girl of fourteen sent to the public school, on the final day of the summer, arrayed in finery, from top to toe, including fleecy robes, white kid gloves, satin shoes and bouquet, the whole requiring a carriage to convey the small princess, (the daughter of a dry goods clerk or book-keeper, growing gray on a small salary) the half-dozen blocks between her home and the school. Her mother thought it necessary, because "we couldn't let our Fanny look inferior to the other girls."

Some of the other girls were the children of millionnaires, but republican simplicity shuddered and grew faint at the mere thought that they should outshine narrow means by any excess of splendor.

This is only a straw, but it shows the bend of the time. Much of our own housekeeping is made harder than it might be, because of our living beyond our means, and, in consequence, dragging everywhere a clanking, slowly lengthening chain of debt.

I defy the most sunshiny temperament, if trained in the traditions of honesty, and coming of good stock, to continue so long if there be an everlasting worry over ways and means. Far better might the living be of the plainest, the shelter of the lowliest, the apparent style of the severest simplicity, than that some of us should go as we do through years of life in an incessant fret over the inability to maintain the style we desire, and also to maintain our integrity.

Good housekeeping in the exercise of a wise economy, tolerates no waste, and makes the most of all its resources. A dollar in the hands of a good housekeeper goes as far as a dollar and a half in those of a poor or shiftless one.

Friends, I plead for wholesome mirth, for fun at the fireside, for the cheery laugh, the bright repartee, the bubbling and effervescence of good spirits. Let your children and young people carry out into the world with them the memory of mother's good housekeeping, not merely because the house was clean, the table well spread, the chambers comfortable, and the clothing in order, but because home was an abode of joy, of peace, of love, of sweet unshadowed mutual confidences.

Good housekeeping ought to signify good generalship. Some of us who are mothers, know that it is easier to do certain things ourselves than to teach the children how to do them. But true kindness to children, and proper self esteem on the mother's part will apportion to each his or her daily duty, and insist on its fulfilment promptly and thoroughly.

In the best managed household, everyone shares the work as well as the play and the parents, the mother especially, guide and control, but do not bear every burden and take every step alone.—*Exchange.*

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

A lady writing to us upon another subject, at the close of her letter propounds the following: "I wish to ask whether you think corporal punishment is ever justifiable with a child. Is it not a great wrong to cause physical pain to a child you love, merely because it has done something which you may consider wrong? Is it not better to use moral force and control a child by love?"

The lady asks us leading questions, and evidently expects us to frame a reply which will favor her views. Her idea is one which is spreading. People who love their children in an unreasoning way are forever saying to themselves, "I cannot inflict punishment if I love my child." This reasoning is bosh. Let us take the case of a child two and a half years old, tired with play, cross and sleepy. In the hands of the over-tender mother, it will cry and scream for an hour or two while she tries mild measures for coaxing it to be quiet and go to sleep. We have recently seen a child in exactly similar conditions, cry itself to sleep after two hours of screaming and struggle. A slight spank, administered at the right moment, and not hard enough to cause more than thirty seconds of pain, would have finished the contest, and in five minutes the child would have been asleep. A sentiment caused the mother to allow the child to inflict what might have been a serious evil upon itself. If a mother loves her children, duty calls upon her to exact instant obedience from them at times, and to do this there are many times when corporal punishment must be inflicted at once.—*Primary Teacher.*

SPARE BED-ROOMS.

I went out calling not long ago on a friend who had lately moved into our neighborhood. We were talking about the house when she expressed her desire to have a spare bed-room, yet went on to say that she really did not believe in having a spare room, especially in winter, as the beds were sure to become damp and icy, unless great care was taken to prevent it.

This reminded me of the experience of a friend who travels, and has had more or less knowledge of spare beds. He is often kindly received, everything provided that could add to his comfort; an easy chair is given at a pleasant fireside, good food, agreeable conversation, but—bedtime comes, and he must face the inevitable spare bed.

All looks invitingly until he steps in. Then, what so damp, cold and icy? Chilled and shivering, sleep forsakes my eyes, and, says he, I am glad when morning comes so that I can get out and get warm.

Many a one can relate a similar experience. Now, I say, if people keep a spare room in this way, it is better not to have one.

Health, once lost, is hard to get back. Therefore, we ought to be careful that our thoughtlessness does not cause some one to suffer the loss of it.

The spare room should be sunned and aired often. If it is very cold, and you expect a guest, warm the bed by placing in it some good-sized stones thoroughly heated an hour before bedtime. If your guest is unexpected, and you cannot heat the stones, you can take the bedclothes and hang them round the stove, turning around often, which will soon take off the icy coldness. If you cannot do this, place your guest upon a cot-lounge, or even easy chair in your sitting-room, where he may slumber at least without getting chilled, but do not send him to your damp, icy, spare bed.

I hope all owners of spare beds will take a kindly hint before our winter season, soon at hand, remembering that health is wealth.

Among aunt Majorie's pleasantest memories is one of a dear old lady, long past her three-score and ten, who made it her office to see to the nightly comfort of the children and guests in the home where she bore the honored title of "Aunty," a title given her, indeed, by the whole town. That our feet were not to be cold was her special care, and the last thing at night her hands would steal softly under the blankets to feel them, and, though it was against all Spartan ideas of hardening, the hot bottles which she slipped into the bed to take the chill from the sheets, are held in grateful recollections still. Better than the stones would be a tin warming-pan, which holds hot water and retains the heat a long time, or an india-rubber bag, which is for the same purpose, and is a great comfort.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

One and a half pounds of Muscatel raisins, seeded and cut up; one pound of Sultana raisins, seeded and cut up; two pounds of rolled bread crumbs; two pounds of moist sugar; two pounds of suet, freed from strings and powdered; six ounces of mixed candied peel; grated rind of two lemons; one ounce each of ground nutmeg and cinnamon; half an ounce of pounded bitter almonds and sixteen eggs well beaten; cut the candied peel into the thinnest possible slices. Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly and add little by little the eggs. When all are well mixed, beat long and hard; then well butter and flour a stout new pudding cloth, put the pudding in, tie closely and boil from six to eight hours; stick a sprig of holly in the middle when you serve it and dot thickly with blanched almonds.

TIMBALE OF MACARONI.—Boil half a pound of macaroni of the largest size, in boiling water and salt for fifteen minutes; drain it in a colander, wash it well, lay by one quarter of it, and put the rest into a saucepan with one ounce of butter, one pint of milk or cream, four ounces of sugar, one tablespoonful of vanilla flavoring, and a saltspoonful of salt; simmer it gently while you line a well buttered three pint plain mould with the best pieces you have reserved, coiling them regularly in the bottom and up the sides of the mould; put what you do not use among that in the saucepan, and as soon as it is tender fill the mould with it, and set it in a hot oven for fifteen minutes: then turn it out on a dish, dust it with powdered sugar, and serve it hot, with a pudding sauce.

PUZZLES.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—SELECTED.

The first letter of each answer forms the name of a celebrated English historical character.

1. A delicious winter fruit.
2. A river in France.
3. A small country of Europe.
4. A capital of a large European empire.
5. A disagreeable insect.
6. A wicked king of England.
7. A royal residence of our Queen.
8. A well-known river in Germany.
9. A famous university of England.
10. An island off Africa.
11. The name of a celebrated duke.
12. The names of several kings of England.
13. A famous city of Europe.
14. A noble animal.

A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

A Southern state invited his cousin, a cape on Massachusetts coast, to travel with him. The cousin accepted the invitation, taking for chaperon, a river in Maine. They proceeded to a bird in the Atlantic; and lunched from Islands in the Pacific Ocean. They then went to a nice carpet, and sat down upon a kind of leather to dine. Having ordered a part of Asia, it was served on an eastern empire. They separated and the cape from Massachusetts coast went to a coating for tin, and her cousin went to make the tour of a popular dance. After a time they met in a cloud, and drank an Island; then returned home, entering a fish east of Massachusetts; but not liking that place, they took a city on the coast of Maine; after which they said good-by to each other, and went to their respective homes.

CENTRAL LETTER PUZZLES.

1. Take the heart from around and leave to adjoin.
2. Take the heart from baked dough and leave a nail.
3. Take the heart from defraud, and leave to talk familiarly.
4. Take the heart from to exclude and leave costly.
5. Take the heart from transparent cloth and leave to look fixedly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

TANGLES TO UNRAVEL.

1. Little star that shines so bright,
   Come and peep at me to-night;
   For I often watch for you,
   In the pretty sky so blue.

2. Three children sliding on the ice,
   All on a summer's day;
   As it fell out, they all fell in;
   The rest they ran away.

3. Three little mice crept out to see
   What they could find to have for tea.
   (For they were dainty, saucy mice,
   And lik'd to nibble something nice.)
   But pussy's eyes, so big and bright,
   Soon sent them scampering off in fright.

SUBTRACTION.

1. Oil-cloth.
2. For-age.
3. Night-shade.
4. Free-booter.
5. Cup-board.
6. Keep-sake.
7. Court-house.

1. Brass. 2. Tweed. 3 Bear. 4 Hall.

The Family Circle.

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT.

CHILD.

"Mother, I do love Christmas day,"
Said a bright, happy child one day;
"And 'tis my Saviour's birthday too;
Oh, what can I for Jesus do?

"'Tis Jesus' birthday, let us bring
Some humble offering to our King;
You give us presents, mother dear:
Oh, is there none for Jesus here?"

MOTHER.

"My little boy a gift shall bring,
To keep the birthday of his King;
'Give me thine heart,' you hear Him say:
Make Him this present, child, to-day.

"In all you do, and think, and say,
Oh, live for Jesus every day:
No better offering can you give
Than try each day like Christ to live."

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"Lill," said Helen, "I'm going to write a poem."

"Dear me, a poem!" exclaimed Lill, looking at her sister with great respect.

"Yes, a Christmas poem. I think I could do it, don't you?"

"Of course you could," said Lill warmly, for she never doubted her sister's ability to do anything.

"'Christmas Bells' I believe I'll call it," went on Helen. "I don't mean a very short poem, but one which will take up several subjects connected with Christmas-time, to be divided into—"

"Cantos?" suggested Lill as Helen hesitated.

"Cantos! How absurd you are, Lill. Do you happen to remember anything about the time when bells were first used in Christmas celebrations?"

"No, I don't believe I do," said Lill.

"I didn't expect you would," said Helen impatiently. "What do you know about Christmas, anyway?"

"Not very much," said Lill meekly. "I'm not such a reader or scholar as you are, Helen. I only know about the common things—seeing to the Christmas dinner and that the house is in order, and looking after the poor folk a bit. It wouldn't do for us both to be bright like you, you know," she added with a laugh.

"No, I suppose not," said Helen.

"I just came to ask you," said Lill, who had on her cloak and hat, "if you think you could help a little about the bed-room work and read to grandmother this morning. I promised to go to a little meeting of the Sunday-school teachers of the mission to talk about getting up some kind of a Christmas merry-making for those little tots."

"It's a good way ahead, I should think," said Helen.

"Yes; but there's the money to be raised, and there's always so much else when it's nearer Christmas. I hate to ask you, Helen, but when the meeting was set I really forgot about its being ironing day and always so much to do at home."

Lill's short little figure seemed almost to grow shorter as she shrank beneath her elder sister's look of dignified rebuke.

"This Sunday-school work is all very well, Lill, but I have my own opinion on the subject of its being allowed to interfere with home duties."

"Yes," said Lill, very humbly. "I know it's wrong. Never mind, they can get along very well at the meeting without me. Of course you want to be at your poem. I'll stay."

"When it's finished, Lill, I'm going to have it published."

"You are!" exclaimed Lill, quite overcome at the thought.

"Yes, and I shall give the price I get for it to your Sunday-school. I don't know what it may be, but something better perhaps than what you manage to pick up by your five and ten-cent subscriptions. You shall have it towards your Christmas doings."

"Thank you, Helen," said Lill fervently, as she went to take off her things. And her feet were quick and willing as she obeyed the call after her,

"Bring down my portfolio, Lill."

"I believe, Helen," said Lill, one day a little later, "that, if you are willing, I shall spend the poem money on picture-cards for the school. Will that suit you, Helen?"

"Anything you like," said Helen, who sat near with her portfolio, appearing so busy that Lill did not dare to ask her to baste up some tiny garments she had cut out of a set of old flannels begged from her mother. It would have been a great help, and as the cold weather was settling down they were needed by a baby in the poor family of one of her scholars. But she cut, basted, and stitched away alone as fast as she could.

"That really isn't worth putting together," remarked Helen, looking rather disdainfully at the flannel, which was in truth rather poor.

"I know it," said Lill, always ready to agree with her sister, and so much in the habit of hearing her own doings criticised and made little of that she expected nothing else. "But it isn't much to do, and I didn't know where to get anything else for that poor baby."

"A waste of time though, I think."

Helen looked complacently at her own work, line after line written upon delicate paper.

"Lill, do you know what the language of the holly is?"

"No."

"Just run and bring me the Encyclopædia. Perhaps I can find it there."

Lill's overflowing lapful of bits of old flannel went to the floor, and she ran upstairs for the book, thinking within her innocent heart what a grand thing it is to be able to write poetry, and that next to being able to do it one's self it was grand to have a sister who could. But she forgot all about it in the delight of at last seeing the little shirts finished by her busy fingers and the glow which came when she carried them to where they were needed and where no one thought the flannel was not worth making up.

"It's beautiful, perfectly beautiful!" cried Lill, clasping her hands in a transport of admiration when at length Helen read the poem to her. "O Helen, you've got it all there—the blessing of going about following the Master's footsteps in his own way of doing good, and the holly and the evergreen, 'the glory of the pine and the box'—how does it go?—coming together to beautify the place of his sanctuary, and the angels' song and the Christmas bells ringing out in these later times the story of peace and good-will—why, Helen, there's no telling the good such a poem may do, inspiring others to noble effort and all that, you know, eh?" and Lill, who always felt a great deal more than she was able to express, rapturously kissed her sister and flew off to do some work which had almost been forgotten in the delight of listening to the poem.

And Helen leisurely sealed it up with a daintily written letter to the editor of a literary paper, feeling little doubt that others who were far better able than her unpretending sister to appreciate its merits would be as strongly stirred by the lessons it was intended to convey. For Helen really possessed very high instincts of right, waiting to be turned in the proper direction, so far barred before her by a self-conceited dwelling upon her own fancied powers.

Helen waited as long as she had expected, then as long again, then twice as long, until she felt driven to the conclusion that mail arrangements had come to a hitch just at the period at which her precious missive had been intrusted to them.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Lill, appearing at her door late one dreary November afternoon with a heavy society basket, a very bright face, and a letter. "It was a long walk out of my way, but I felt sure it must be come at last, so I went round by the post-office. Do hurry and see how much it is. I could hardly keep from tearing it open to see."

But Helen's color changed as her own manuscript fell from the envelope, accompanied by a printed slip which in a few stereotyped words conveyed the usual polite declination.

"Returned, returned!" said her sister, unable to quite take it in.

"Do be quiet, Lill," said Helen sharply, and very unnecessarily, for poor Lill had become quiet enough. "Yes, it's returned," she continued, striving to accept the bitterness of the disappointment.

"But, see," said Lill, taking up the slip, "it's because they have so much other poetry there, 'owing to an over supply of matter,' 'thanks for the favor of the offer.' It doesn't say that the poem isn't a good one, Helen. Some other magazine will be sure to want it."

"What are you doing?" asked Helen, meeting her sister at breakfast-time on the morning after Christmas day carrying with a flushed face a heavily laden basket from the kitchen.

"Oh, I've been making a lot of my little cakes with a bit of frosting on the top, just to let the children have some little thing to carry away with them. This is the day for the mission-school dinner, you know."

"Yes."

"Of course," went on Lill, really feeling inclined to apologize for venturing her cakes in place of the grandeur which had been hoped for, "it won't be anything like what might have been if those men had treated your poem properly, Helen."

Helen turned impatiently away. Her poem, having sought recognition in several directions, still remained unpublished. No one had been inspired to higher purpose or better endeavor by its glowing words.

"Doesn't it all look nice?" asked Lill, moving with a beaming face around the long tables to make sure that all was right. Her busy hands and feet here and there and everywhere had been untiring in their efforts to bring complete success to this occasion to which her honest, loving heart had so long looked forward.

"It's all ready," she said, bustling up to Helen, who with a number of others had come to see. "They're to come in now. And I'm to ring the dinner-bell; they said I might. That's the only kind of Christmas bell I'm equal to," she added with a laugh in the overflow of her spirits. Then whispering, at a look she detected on Helen's face, "Don't you be disappointed, dear. It isn't your fault that you haven't helped about this; you tried your very best, I'm sure."

"All ready?" called a voice.

"Hurry, Lill, where's your bell?" said Helen.

Lill ran to the other end of the room and Helen waited to hear a ding-dong summons. But the sound of piano chords arose, and then heavy doors were thrown open and the throng of little ones poured in, joyously joining voice to voice in the triumphant strain,

"Glory to God in the highest."

On they came, one bright face following another, the feet keeping a regular tread around and among the tables as the song rose higher and higher, ringing through the hall.

As the ascription of praise ceased the music glided into a livelier measure, and to the sound of a march, quicker and quicker, in which mingled more and more of merry laughter, the little host was duly marshalled into seats at that most delightful of tables.

Helen looked from one face to another, varying in the lines of wanness and misery which want and privation had written on each, yet all just now alike in the brightness brought by an occasion so rare to their poverty-stricken little lives, then at the faces of those who had given of their time and labor to bring about this holiday festival, among which none glowed with a sweeter light than that of her sister, and her own heart grew heavier with a great load of dissatisfaction with itself. She had had no part in this gladness. Her voice had not raised one note in the grand chorus which rises from faithful hearts bearing the glad message of peace and good-will through deeds of loving-kindness and tender mercy. Even her faint intention of adding a mite to this feast had been smothered under vanity and self-sufficiency.

"O Lill," she said to herself in real humility of spirit, "if I have done my best, what a poor miserable best it is! How much, how much better your best is!"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

IT SHALL.

"Mother, the heathen have beat!—the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by 'the heathen have beat?'"

"Why, mother, as I went along I kept hearing the heathen say, 'give us your penny, to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us, little boy, won't you?' And I kept saying, 'Oh, I want the candy.' At last the heathen beat; and I am going to put my penny in the missionary box. It shall go to the heathen."

"JUDGE NOT."

It was Christmas eve, but the weekly prayer-meeting was to be held as usual, and Mr. and Mrs. Heston allowed no trifling thing to keep them at home.

At the church door they were accosted by one of the brethren, who inquired—

"How much are you going to give me toward the steel engraving we have purchased for our pastor's wife?"

"I think perhaps I ought not to give you anything this time."

It cost Mr. Heston something to say this, for, though he was not rich, he was a generous man; his name was rarely lacking from a subscription list. But he was not prepared for the storm of unkind words and unjust insinuations which his partially declining to subscribe toward this gift called forth.

Mr. Heston went into the prayer-meeting, but there was little joy in the service for him. He had not yet learned to rejoice in tribulation, to take all such burdens as something given him to bear for Christ, and his heart was sore.

It had been one of his hard days. At ten in the morning there had been presented at his office a note for £100 which his bookkeeper had neglected to enter among bills payable. Fortunately the money was in the bank, and he had only to draw a check for it, but the circumstance annoyed him. Later in the day he remembered that he had promised, on that date, to settle a claim against him for £40, which a young man in a bank, for whom he had stood as bondsman, had stolen. Still later there came a heart-breaking letter from an old college chum in charge of a poor, struggling church in a country district. It was an answer to a box of warm winter clothing and Christmas goodies which Mr. Heston had sent his friend, thinking he might enjoy them, but never dreaming that he was reduced to utter extremity.

As he folded the letter something very like tears glistened in his eyes, strong man though he was. He took out his bankbook, added it up carefully, and then drew a check for £5. He could not take the time to write a letter, and the sheet of paper accompanying the check contained only these words to his clerical friend—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!
GOD PROSPER YOU.

PHIL. iv, 19

There were other things which made this day an ever-to-be-remembered one to Mr. Heston. He went home utterly weary.

"James," his wife said, as they sat round the cheerful supper-table, "I happened to call in at old Mrs. M'Neal's this afternoon, and I saw clearly that they would have no Christmas dinner unless I sent it to them, so I ordered a turkey and some groceries."

"That was right. You paid for them!"

"No, I hadn't a sixpence left after paying for ——"

She checked herself just in time. It was a silk umbrella for her husband's Christmas present which had drained her purse.

"They came to a sovereign. I bought them at Kleing's. He doesn't seem to be doing much this year, and I told him I would send Mary around with the money this evening."

He took out his purse, and handed the servant the required amount—his last sovereign.

A little later he went to the prayer-meeting, and was accosted and misjudged, as I have said. He returned home, and came up to his old mother's room, and kneeling beside me, as he used to do when he was a boy, quietly told me the whole story.

Silently I prayed to our Father to take away the sting, and reaching for my Bible I pointed to a verse I had marked many years ago: "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin," and when he gave me his good-night kiss I saw that he was comforted. But I did wish I could whisper in the ear of the one who had so thoughtlessly wronged him, "Thou art inexcusable, Oh man, whosoever thou art, that judgest!"—*Family Friend.*

THE REASON WHY.

I dare say you would have wondered as you looked at Davie's little, white sickly face, why God had thought it well to send him so much pain during his short life. He was six years old, but the lines of weariness and suffering round his mouth and eyes gave him an older look than children of that age generally have. No winter passed without severe bronchitis laying him low, and it took all the bright, summer days to get Davie well and strong again! Robin, his younger brother, was stout and sturdy, and never knew what it was to feel ache or pain. Why should one child suffer so, and the other be found free from it?

Davie could tell you the reason why.

Down in the village near his home lay a young girl dying. Davie heard his father tell how Sarah Dunn longed, with a great longing, to live till the primroses starred the green earth again, and he crept closer to his mother's side, and listened, with his grave, wistful face, to the news that the girl must pass away into eternity ere her longing was gratified.

The next February day dawned soft and mild, so breathless and warm that even Davie might be allowed to venture out. He came with his petition to his mother. Might he visit Sarah Dunn? He had something to ask her, and a present to carry her. The present consisted of three pure-leaved snowdrops that had nestled in a sunny garden nook and blossomed that very February day.

"I do not like to let you go, darling," answered his mother, "you have enough of sick-rooms and suffering; go out for a good run with Robin, and forget Sarah Dunn altogether."

"But, mother," pleaded the boy, "I am just the one to go to a sick-room, because I know all about it. I think God lets me be sick just for the sake of the other poor people who are in pain too." And tears filled his mother's eyes, as she stooped to kiss the strangely grave face, and bade Davie go his way.

So Davie went. Down the lane, holding nurse's hand, and gaining a delicate pink flush on his pallid cheek by the gentle exercise, Davie walked. Sarah Dunn's cottage and sick-room were soon reached, and nurse and Davie entered together. And then Davie walked up to the bed, and laid his flower-offering in Sarah's thin hand.

"I thought you would like them, because I heard you were sick," he said.

The girl thanked him, and looked lovingly at the flowers.

"I wanted to ask you something," said Davie very gravely, gazing intently at the sick girl's face. "Have you got Jesus to be with you all day long, and to help you bear your pain? And if you die soon, have you got hold of Jesus' hand to help you in the valley? You see," he continued, "I know all about it, for I have been very sick myself, and I could not have borne it without Jesus. Do you think you have Him?"

"Yes, I do," said the girl, with a sudden burst of tears, "and God bless you for speaking like that to me."

"I often think," said Davie, thoughtfully, "that's why God let's me be sick. It is just that I may know how good Jesus is, and tell other sick people how He helps us to bear pain, and to like even to die. Don't you think that's the reason why, Sarah?"

"I do, indeed," said the girl, as she kissed the child.

"And so do I," said nurse, brushing away a tear. "We must go now, Master Davie."

And when his mother and I talked it over we agreed that God's ways are always wise and always best, and that out of suffering Davie would gain a power for ministering to weary souls that he could learn in no other school.—*Eva Travers Evered Poole.*

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

HOW DO YOU TREAT YOUR SOVEREIGN?

The anecdote of our sovereign lady, on which the following little story is founded, was repeated to me a few months ago at Amritsar. It may amuse my young friends, and not only awaken a smile, but leave a lesson behind.

It is well known that our Queen, especially in Scotland, loves to throw aside the trammels of state, and walk about in simple guise, sometimes entering the cottages of the poor.

One showery day, the Queen, on foot and alone, entered the dwelling of an old woman. It is possible that the dame's sight was dim, for she did not recognize her royal visitor, whose face is so familiar to her people. The Queen had come to ask a trifling favor.

"Will you lend me an umbrella?" said the royal lady, who did not happen to have one with her.

The dame was of a somewhat churlish nature, or rather, we should say, of a suspicious disposition. The hospitality of her country would not allow her to refuse the request altogether, but she granted it ungraciously, and with grudging.

"I hae twa umbrellas," said the dame; "ane is a beauty, t'other is vara auld. Ye may tak this, I guess I'll never see it agen," and so saying she proffered a ragged concern, whose whalebone ribs might be seen here and there through the coarse, torn cover.

England's Queen quietly took the umbrella, which was better than nothing, and went forth into the rain, not by one word betraying her rank. The next day one of her Majesty's servants brought back the wretched umbrella; and then the cottager knew to whom she had lent it.

"Ay—ay—had I but kenned wha it was that asked for the loan, she wad hae been welcome to my best, to a' that I hae i' the warld!" exclaimed the mortified woman, shocked and grieved at having missed such an opportunity of winning a smile from the Queen!

No one can admire the dame's over-cautious, grudging spirit: but still her fault was not a great one, for she did not recognize her sovereign. But if we could suppose that she owed her cottage and her daily food to royal bounty, and that she knew that she was asked for a loan by one who was not only her Queen but her benefactress, and that she intentionally—knowingly—insulted a monarch by offering her the worst, the dame's conduct would be utterly disgusting. We could hardly believe that any human heart could be so basely ungrateful!

Yet, oh! careless, wordly, selfish (so-called) Christians, how often such ingratitude is yours! Your Heavenly King asks for your time, how much do you give Him? as much as you can spare without feeling the loss! Christ asks for your silver and gold for His work, and what do you bestow on missions? Perhaps one-hundredth part of what you spend on your own pleasures or folly.

There are those who know that it is the King Himself who asks for their time, their money, their work, and their prayers! And their joyful reply is, "Take anything—take my best—take myself! Thou art welcome to all that I have in the world!"—*C. M. Juv. Ins.*

THE STORY OF A DAY.

Mrs. Marshall, in Sunday at Home.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

Beatrice Harcourt, who had nursed and ministered to her own mother for so long under the most trying circumstances, was at first surprised beyond all words to see the indifference her cousins showed to the comfort of theirs.

Hilda was abundantly demonstrative; would call her mother "darling," and "sweet mother," and Lena would also at times be very effusive; but these girls knew nothing of heart service, nor of the love which shows itself by sacrifice, after the great type of sacrifice, which should be ever present as a motive power in Christian hearts.

Beatrice found, to her surprise also, that her aunt did not like any disparaging or doubtful remark to be made about her children by others. If she suffered, she suffered in silence; and it is a question whether Mrs. Mansfield really traced her illness to the true cause. She was a little querulous and irritable, as invalids are apt to be. No one perhaps knew how, when the bell rang for breakfast, she longed to spring up, and dress and hasten down to take her place at the table. Nor how often the repeated calls for "Hilda" and "Lena," and the boys' vociferous cries for more hot milk or toast, with assertions that they should be late for school, smote painfully on the mother's ear.

It did not occur, as it might have done, to Mrs. Mansfield, that, loving and tender mother as she had been, she had failed in teaching her children to forget themselves for others, for their parents especially.

Some, I may say many, in these days crave for wider spheres, as they call them, for hospital nursing or for the hundred and one schemes for the employment of women which abound in these times—all good in their way, all useful in providing work for the unoccupied, and acting as a safety-valve in the pent-up energy of more ardent natures. But I fear the maidens of our time are not the home-loving daughters which are as a crown of rejoicing to their parents. Their chief interests do not centre at home, their brightest side is not turned there. Girls sit absorbed in books by the fire in winter, or go forth daily, bat in hand, to lawn-tennis in the summer, and the ministry to fathers returning tired from business, mothers burdened with social and family claims, brothers wanting sympathy and kindly interest in the work or play, is forgotten, and in many homes lost sight of. Then the mothers, like Mrs. Mansfield, break down, and the father grows moody and dissatisfied, and the boys—ah! the boys—the turbulent and often troublesome brothers, they go astray, and clouds gather in the once clear, bright eye of boyhood, and sad indeed is the sequel. Might not the sisters often do much to help the brothers in the right way, and do they not often fail?

When Beatrice knocked at her aunt's door that morning the "come in" was more than usually feeble.

Mrs. Mansfield's breakfast had scarcely been tasted, and she had evidently been crying.

"Oh, Beatrice, is that you? I want you to write some letters for me, and will you set the girls free to go to Westbury to the Dorringtons' and take Douglas and Paul a walk, and——"

"Aunt Cecil," Beatrice said, "I came to tell you that I want very much to go to Bristol. I have had a letter from my father; he is——"

Beatrice's voice failed, and the tears fell upon the envelope she held in her hand.

With a quiet, short sob she recovered herself, and said:

"He is going to sail from Bristol this evening, and he wants to see me first."

"You cannot go into Bristol alone, Beatrice, and the girls want to start at twelve o'clock. They are asked to luncheon at the Dorringtons', and——"

"Aunt Cecil, please, I must go. I promised my mother that if ever I could do anything for my father I would do it, and I must keep my promise."

"He broke your dear mother's heart," Mrs. Mansfield said; "and he was a perpetual cause of grief and trouble."

"I know it, Aunt Cecil, but he is my father, and I cannot desert him."

"Well, really, Beatrice, I am too weak to contend the point. I shall never, never be any better. Dr. Greene wants me to go to Bournemouth, but how can I do it? I think the effort would be more than I could bear."

"Perhaps, Aunt Cecil, the change would be useful; but I know how hard it must be to rouse yourself, and——"

"Ah, Beatrice, I did not want rousing, and I had plenty of energy when I had health. But about your going to Bristol. How long will it take? If the girls go out to luncheon, there will be no one to keep order, and the boys don't like the little ones to be there. Douglas and Paul must dine in the nursery, I suppose."

"I will wait till after luncheon, if you think it better, Aunt Cecil."

"Thank you, dear. And could you write these letters, and see that this book Mrs. Henderson lent Hilda is returned—the child is so careless!"

Beatrice gathered up her letters, and went to the schoolroom, where she taught the little boys in the morning. Both Lena and Hilda professed to help her to do this, but it generally ended in profession. To-day they were much too occupied with their preparations for tennis, and discussions about their dress;—for a luncheon-party at the Dorringtons' was quite a different matter to an every-day tennis-party!

"I wish I had not gone out before breakfast," Hilda said, yawning; "and Lena will never be ready by twelve o'clock, and we ought not to be a minute later, or we shall get to Hillside in such a furious heat."

"It is a shame that we cannot have the pony-carriage. That the pony should be lame to-day of all days. If papa had been in a good temper, I would have asked him for the brougham, but he was so fearfully cross."

"You made him cross," said little Paul, "'cause you were so late."

"Paul, go on with your copy," Beatrice said, as Lena exclaimed:

"You ought to be sent to bed for your impertinence, but you are a spoiled baby."

"I am not a baby." Paul began wrinkling up his face for an outburst of crying, which Beatrice could hardly stop.

It was rather hard to have so many interruptions in the school room, and it was a relief when the two sisters departed to get ready for their hot walk over the Down.

Hilda, however, returned to kiss Beatrice, and say—

"I know you have had some bad news, and I am so sorry. We are horribly selfish to think only of our own pleasure; but I am going to turn over a new leaf, and teach Douglas and Paul all next week, and give you a holiday."

Beatrice returned Hilda's kiss warmly, and said:

"I hope you will enjoy your tennis-party, Hilda, and we will have another walk to-morrow."

CHAPTER III.—AFTERNOON.

When Beatrice Harcourt had crossed the Suspension Bridge which spans the river Avon, just below the observatory hill, she turned to the left, and went down a steep path known as the Zig-Zag, which led her to the road which runs along the river-side to the Bristol wharves and docks.

On this lovely summer day, with the tide at its height, the river wore its brightest aspect; and steamers from Ireland and ships from other parts of the world, were coming up in quick succession; fiery little tugs, as their avant-couriers, clearing the way for the larger craft, and showing the superiority of mind over matter; little steamers effecting so much in a small space, and guiding vessels of heavier bulk as they willed, unresisting, to the docks.

Beatrice went on towards the landing-stage, where every one was busy and active. No one had time to think of the heat of the sun, which was now scarcely past its meridian, and lay with unclouded radiance on the roofs and towers of the city of Bristol. At the wharves the vessels were unloading their freight of various kinds.

Beatrice looked round on all this busy scene with thoughtful eyes. Under what a different aspect had the day begun for her in Leigh woods, and for the hot struggling throng on which she was looking—and yet for her that day was full of significance.

It was a year since she had seen her father, and she dreaded the meeting inexpressibly. He was connected in her mind with the saddest memories, and she would have shrunk from contact with him had not her mother left him to her as a legacy.

"If ever your father wishes to see you, or if ever you can help him, promise that you will do it for my sake." Beatrice had promised, and now, as she made her way to the Lion Hotel in the Hotwell road, she was going to fulfil her promise, but with a sinking heart. Her father! Always so self-complacent, always on the eve of some great achievement, spending money or rather the ghost of money, unmoved in debt and difficulty, continually changing houses, and dragging his patient wife about the world with no special reason, free in his way of living, careless and godless, the memories which gathered round him as his figure rose up before his young daughter's eyes filled them with tears.

"Pity him, and pray for him," her poor suffering mother had often said, and when she had received her sister's promise that she would give her child a home, she had still left her husband, as it were, to Beatrice.

"If ever you can help him, do it for my sake."

As Beatrice inquired in the hall of the hotel for Mr. Harcourt, these words sounded in her ear.

"Yes, for your sake, dear mother, I will do all I can; for your sake I have come here to-day."

"Mr. Harcourt!" said the sharp, smart, little barmaid; "first floor, number nine. You can walk up, miss."

Beatrice did as she was told, and ascending the dirty, well-worn staircase, stopped before the door with a large, white figure IX painted on it.

Beatrice had to rally all her courage before she could tap at the door, but at last the gentle knock was given, and a voice—ah! how familiar it was—said, "Come in."

"My dear child, is that you?" was her greeting. "I really wondered whether you would come."

Mr. Harcourt was very handsome and gentleman-like in appearance, and few who looked at him could have imagined how much suffering and sorrow he had caused in his home. He had squandered his own and his wife's fortune in speculation, every one more unsuccessful than the last.

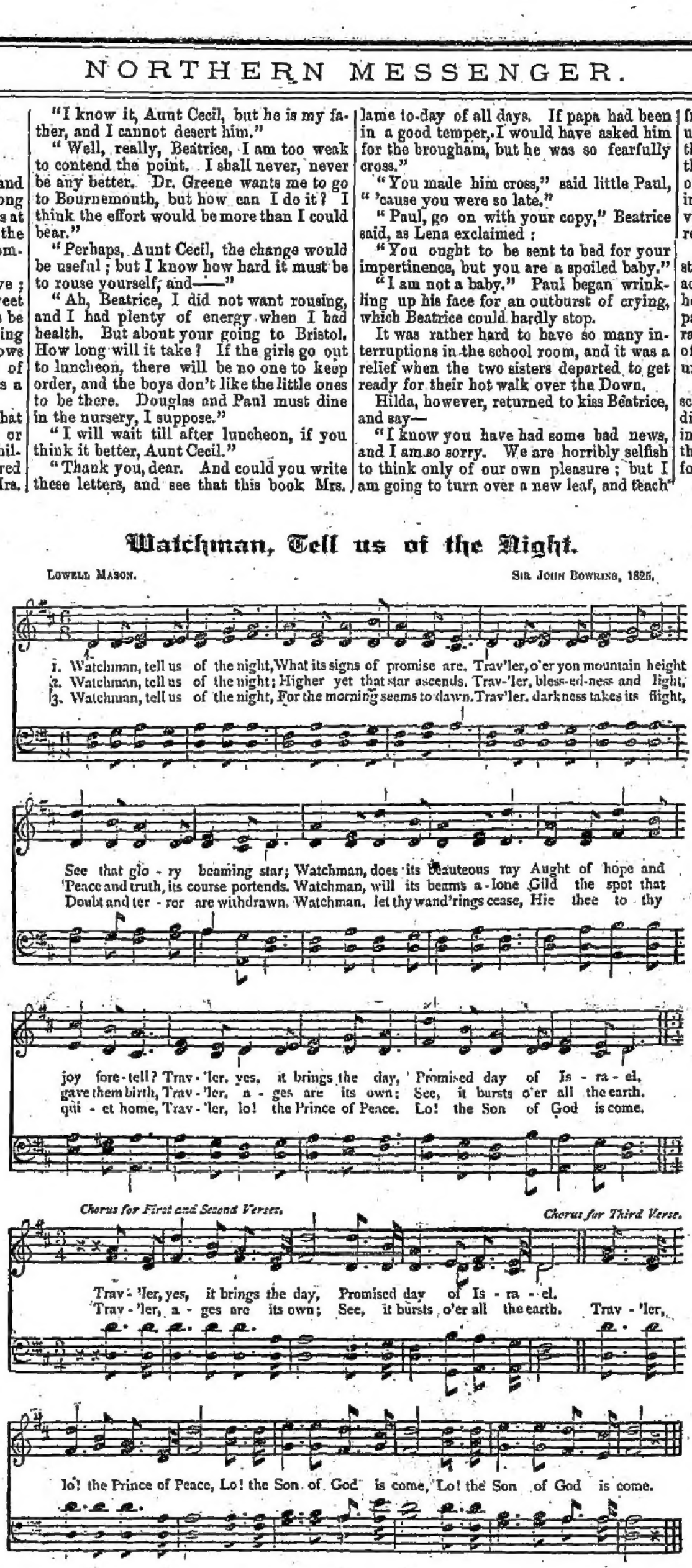
Then he speculated on borrowed capital, and got deeper and deeper into the sea of debt and difficulty. I cannot say that he suffered in his own person, he always continued to keep himself in all he needed, but Beatrice could recall many times in her young life when she and her wretched mother were almost starving.

From place to place they wandered, and the dreadful weight of debts everywhere preyed on Mrs. Harcourt, and hastened her end.

It is, I am afraid, a too common story in these days, when the mania of speculation and gambling (for it is nothing less) with stocks and shares ever gets hold of a man, it is like a disease which resists all the remedies of skilful physicians.

(*To be Continued.*)

Watchman, Tell us of the Night.

LOWELL MASON. SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain height
2. Watchman, tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends. Trav-'ler, bless-ed-ness and light,
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn. Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
See that glo - ry beaming star; Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope and
Peace and truth, its course portends. Watchman, will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that
Doubt and ter - ror are withdrawn. Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease, Hie thee to thy
joy fore-tell? Trav-'ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
gave them birth, Trav-'ler, a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
qui - et home, Trav-'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.
Chorus for First and Second Verses.
Chorus for Third Verse.
Trav-'ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
Trav-'ler, a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth. Trav-'ler,
lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come, Lo! the Son of God is come.

One Promise without reserve, and only one, because it includes all and remains—the promise of the Holy Spirit to them who ask it.—*Macdonald.*

THE STORY OF A DAY.

(Mrs. Marshall, in Sunday at Home.)

It was no wonder that Beatrice looked grave and sad for her years, she had seen so much in her short life, of all the misery which money troubles, brought on by wilful disregard of the laws of God and man, could cause, and all the irritation and bad temper which they, more than any, are likely to provoke.

"Well, my dear!" her father said, "I did not like to present myself at your uncle's mansion, but I could not leave England without saying good-bye. At last I have heard of something greatly to my advantage; a relation in Brazil has offered me a post as inspector of mines, and I am going out at once. Indeed my steamer sails this evening for Cork, and I go from there. If, as I expect, I shall make a fortune, you must come out and share it—eh, Bee?"

"If you make a fortune, father, you must try to pay off old debts," Beatrice said bravely. "There are so many, many tradespeople who suffered."

"Ah, my dear, the dead past must bury its dead," was the careless reply. "How like you are to your mother. I hope they are kind to you at your aunt's."

"Yes," Beatrice said, "but aunt Cecil is very much of an invalid, and can do very little."

"You surprise me; an active, jolly little thing, she used to be, very different from your dear mother, who was always a fragile creature. Well now, shall we take a stroll? See here," and Mr. Harcourt put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a handful of sovereigns. "Is there anything you fancy, Beatrice? If so, let me give it to you. You are dressed like a nun, I declare," he added, surveying the plain black dress with its white collar and cuffs, and wide black hat. "Come and let us choose a black satin for you. Satin is so much worn."

"Oh! no, no, father," Beatrice said, shrinking back. "I don't want anything, and if you are so rich, do please let some of the money go to that kind Mrs. Barton at Dover, who was so good about the rent when dear mother was ill."

"All in good time, my dear, when I have made my fortune, you know."

"Pray for him, and be patient," these words of her mother's seemed again to sound in her ears, and Beatrice only said:

"I will come out with you, father, but not to go to any shop, as I want nothing."

Father and daughter went out together, and their appearance was so striking as to attract attention even in the neighborhood of the Hotwells.

Mr. Harcourt was singularly handsome, and Beatrice had a certain stately grace about her, which was not lost on her father.

He talked pleasantly enough to Beatrice when they reached College Green. The bell was ringing for service in the Cathedral, and he asked her if she would like to go there, as she refused all his other offers.

"Oh, yes, father, so very much," was the earnest reply.

There is always something soothing in turning out of a busy thoroughfare and noisy street into the quiet of the house of God.

The Psalms for the fifth evening of the month seemed to speak peace, and no prayers were ever more earnest than those which the daughter sent up for the father from whom she was about to part.

"The Lord sitteth above the water-floods, yea, the Lord remaineth a King for ever. The Lord shall give strength unto His people, the Lord shall give his people the blessing of peace."

"You are a very good child, Beatrice," her father said, as they passed up and down the College Green together. "If it will make you happier, I will give you a ten-pound note to send to Mrs. Barton at Dover. You can register the letter, you know," and Mr. Harcourt took out his pocket-book and carefully singled, from a thick bundle, three five-pound notes. "There, will that please you?" he asked. "I want to do something for which you will say 'Thank you,' and get a smile if I can."

Tears came instead of the smile, as Beatrice, clinging to his arm, said:

"Oh, thank you, father, I will send them all to Mrs. Barton, but"—she hardly liked to cast any shadow over the evident pleasure in his face—"but, dear father, is the money yours?"

"What a little prude it is?" he said, laughing. "Mine, of course; is not possession nine-tenths of the law? I have to take a consignment of engineer's tools, and lots of other things out with me, and of course I could not do this without money."

"Have you paid for the things, father?"

"Paid, yes; or how could I get them on credit? That is, I have paid for most of them."

Ah, the old story, Beatrice thought; well she could do no more, and taking the note in her hand she put them in her purse, and, looking up at her father, said:

"I must go home now, father. Kiss me, and say good-bye."

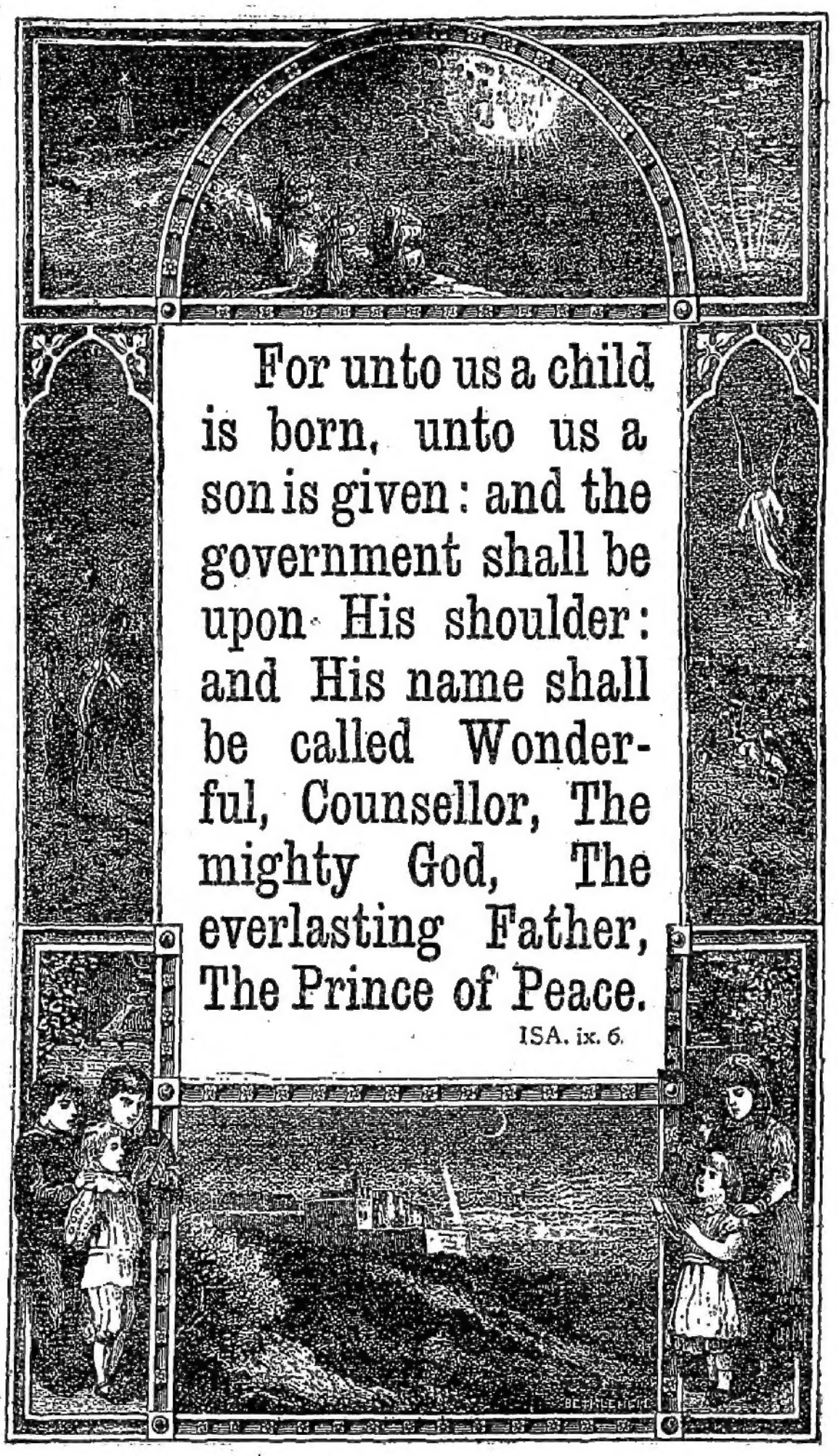
So they parted, father and daughter, perhaps to meet no more on earth; but in some inexplicable way the heart of the father was touched, and there arose in him, awakened by his child's hand, a longing to lead a more honest and honorable life, serving God and man with sincerity of aim, and repenting for the past, make a fresh start in the future.

"Good-bye, my darling," he said, "you will come to me if I make, as I hope, a home in a new world. And do not forget to do as your mother did all her life—pray for me, for I need it."

So they parted, Beatrice walking slowly up Park street, and not daring to turn her head to look at her father.

He watched her till the passers up and down that great thoroughfare of Bristol and Clifton hid her from his sight.

Then he brushed his hand across his eyes, and, with a deep sigh, went to the Sun Hotel to accomplish his preparations for departure.


For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.
ISA. ix. 6.

CHAPTER IV.—EVENTIDE.

Chap's Court, an abbreviation of Chapman's Court, was not precisely the place in which any one would choose to spend a long summer day. The heat there, shut in by closely-packed houses, was suffocating. The population of Chap's Court was about ten times as numerous as it ought to have been, and 'Kit' had done wisely to get up with the sun, and make his way to the Leigh woods. He was a sharp little person, prematurely wise in the ways of the world, his world of Chap's Court, and he thought he had taken "a rise" out of two or three of his small fellow-laborers in the water-cress trade, to depart to the Leigh woods, and keep his mission there to himself.

For Kit had heard a lady say to Mrs. Bull, who kept the small greengrocer's shop where he and other inhabitants of Chap's Court disposed of their water-cresses, that lilies of the valley grew in the woods on the other side of the river, and that she believed, though so much smaller than those which were cultivated, that they had a sweeter perfume.

Kit, as I have said, had sharp ears and sharp wits. So he had determined that instead of hunting in some little brooks in the Ashton fields for the water-cresses, he would get some lilies of the valley, and sell them to Mrs. Bull for a good price.

Once Kit had been successful, and had received what seemed to him at least a very large sum for his lilies. Twopence a bunch. It seemed too good to be true. And he had the shilling safely in his mouth, before the other little ragamuffins had arrived with their cresses at Mrs Bull's shop.

That was a proud day to Kit, and the shilling was invested in a real "tuck in," such as in all his little life he had never known before. Old Grannie, who was no more his grannie than she was of a dozen other little fellows who, waifs and strays as they were, curled up in one of the cellars of Chap's Court, which she rented, and paid her odd pence from their earnings, whether from the sale of cresses, or the sweeping of crossings, old Grannie knew nothing of Kit's success, and, as a matter of course, she would have known nothing of his failure, had not the old basket been hers.

Kit had hidden the fact from her all day, for she had been out charing, but at four o'clock she was safe to return, and then she was as safe to ask for the basket and tell Kit to take it to Mrs. Bull's for three pennyworth of potatoes, and to the Sheep's Head for a noggin of gin, and to the fish stall by the Cut for two red herrings. For Kit was so far a favorite of old Grannie's that he was useful to her and trustworthy after a fashion. It is true that she beat him over the shoulders with an old broom-stick, and if in a great access of indignation, heightened by a noggin of gin, she did on occasion throw a cup or mug at his head, still had you asked her, she would have said, "Kit was not a bad sort, and she rather liked the brat, he was so uncommon sharp."

Poor, poor little Kit, that radiant summer-day had passed but slowly with him; he had gone to the wharves and back again several times in the hope of picking up, as he sometimes did, a few coppers by carrying goods to and from the ships for some heavily-laden passenger, or for one of the sailors. But all this hot day trade was slack, and Kit did nothing to speak of. At last, quite tired out, for an expedition to Leigh woods at dawn, and the want of any breakfast owing to the failure of his mission, was rather an exhausting business. Kit curled himself up under the shadow of some logs of timber which lay on the landing-stage, and gave himself up to dreams, day-dreams, but strangely clear, and so much less confused than dreams generally are.

(To be Continued.)

MORE BLESSED TO GIVE.

BY MISS M. B. WINSLOW.

"No, I'm not glad at all," said Belle, "not one bit."

"Not glad that Christmas is coming?" said Eustace, quite unable to comprehend such an astonishing speech.

"No, not one bit," re-asserted Belle. "What does it all amount to? Gaudy Christmas trees, unlike anything in heaven or on earth, toys, candy, books—why, I've had so many Christmas presents that there is nothing new to have, and one year's things are just like the last, only different people give you different things, and perhaps, after all, the very things you want are the ones that nobody thinks of and you have the mortification of seeing some one else get just what you had set your heart upon."

"I'm sure I always like my presents," said Eustace; "and Christmas is a holiday, that's one thing that makes it grand;" for Eustace showed the usual school-boy aversion to school days.

"Yes, I suppose it's well enough for boys; they can go skating and slide down hill and do lots of things. I used to like Christmas, too, when I was little [Belle did not look very big now], but I'm sick of it; it's always just the same, and of the two I'd rather go to school and have fun with the girls."

Eustace could not at all understand her, but then he did not try very hard. When he first came to his uncle's, that he might attend school, he had puzzled a good deal over the airs and graces of his city cousin, but he had given her up as an unguessable conundrum, liking her perhaps all the more for her incomprehensibility. He was going to take her home with him for his winter vacation, and it was in discussing the plans for this expected pleasure that the above dialogue occurred.

Belle was an only child, whose parents had spared no pains to gratify every wish and to load her from her earliest infancy with everything that could conduce to her health, happiness and pleasure. Every Christmas eve her stockings had been filled to overflowing by Santa Claus, as for some years she devoutly believed; and since she had outgrown that myth, her plate at the breakfast table on Christmas morning was literally buried by piles of book, *bijouterie*, and nick-nacks of every description; she had had Christmas trees at home, and attended Christmas entertainments abroad; secular teachers and Sunday-school teachers had given her Christmas gifts, and every one had endeavored, since the time when she was old enough to lisp the word, to make the Christmas festival as gay and happy as it could possibly be for the little girl. The consequence was, that Belle was tired of everything—*blase*, as the French express it—and even the prospect of spending Christmas in the country gave her no pleasure, except in the idea of taking a journey and seeing her aunt and cousins.

School closed that year several days before Christmas, and the very moment they were free, the children set off for Eustace's country home; Belle's father and mother seeing them safely on the cars, and repeatedly charging their daughter to enjoy herself and have a good time. It was great fun to travel with only her *cousin as escort*, and it made her feel quite like a grown-up young lady.

Just at nightfall they reached Ponkoke, where a large sleigh piled with furs and blankets awaited them. Among the furs nestled innumerable children, great and small, who all hugged their heretofore unknown cousin, wishing her "*Merry Christmas*" and giving her a warm welcome. They all chattered at once all the way home; the coming Christmas, of course, supplying an inexhaustible fund of conversation.

"I'm so glad Belle has come. She'll be able to tell me just how to finish mamma's toilet cover."

"*O Belle, don't you tell Eustace*, but we've each made some pretty thing for his room, and Christmas eve father'll take him to the village, and we'll all go in and fix it up just like fairy-land. You'll help, won't you?"

"I just want to show you my screen. It's to shade father's eyes from the light. I made *it all myself, but it is not quite finished*, Eustace was to bring the mountings from the city. You'll be able to tell me just how they ought to go, I'm sure.

"Isn't it nice to have Belle here? We can each tell her all our secrets and about the presents we've made for each other, and we can put all our things in her room as fast as they are finished, and she won't let any one see them that should not, will you, dear?"

Such was some of the talk as it reached the visitor in confused fragments; and two things struck Belle, as she listened: first, that no one seemed to be speculating as to what Christmas was to *bring him or her*; and second, that all seemed to take it for granted that she was as much interested in giving as they were.

They were busy days, those that preceded the great Christmas birthday, and Belle found herself quite carried along by the general tide of delightful mystery, and even commenced some small *ventures on her* own account, which, as she was not a great adept at needle work, and had commenced altogether too late in the day, were not a great success.

Christmas eve came all too soon for those whose preparations were not in a state of completeness. One after another slipped into the closed parlor with *honorably* shut eyes, and deposited their small packages directed in large round characters; and Belle, being a sort of neutral ground, was very useful upon this occasion. The children had taken possession of papa's study, and when the two bright rooms were thrown open, the old-fashioned Christmas tree, lighted with wax candles and hung with strings of pop-corn, failed to attract attention till the graceful oak-bough, hung across the study window in imitation of the yew of the older world, had been admired by the parents, for whom it had been prepared. Suspended from its stout trunk were gifts from each one of the country minister's children, mostly the work of their own hands, the materials having been supplied from the few pennies called "pocket money" obtained by them. Yet surely no costly city Christmas gifts ever excited so much delight, not so much in the parents, though they gave full praise, as in the givers, each of whom seemed brimming over with Christmas joy.

It was the same way in the parlor around the Christmas tree where everybody had been remembered by everybody else. Such little gifts as they were—needle-books, pen-wipers, knitted wristlets, and crocheted scarfs—but loving consideration of the tastes and desires of those to whom they were given was apparent, and the joy of giving was even greater than that of receiving. There was a box of elegant and beautiful presents sent by Belle's parents to herself and her cousins, and the little girl really enjoyed much more highly the comparatively small gifts for the others than the elegant ones for herself. It seemed to put her on the level of the little givers, each of whom had remembered her.

Christmas day came, and after the morning service in the church and the moderate Christmas dinner to which the healthy country appetites imparted a special flavor, the great celebration of the day began. This consisted in the packing and distributing of six large baskets for certain poor families whose whole lives blessed the children of the parsonage. Every one had a share in the work, which was made possible and greatly helped by the different Christmas donations sent in to the minister by various members of the congregation.

We have not space to record the various *visits* paid by the little flock—to Jan, the crippled shoemaker, to old blind Betty and her sick granddaughter who took care of her, to Widow Brown and her four small children, and to all the rest. Nor can we tell of the thanks bestowed upon the young folks, the eyes that brightened at their coming, and the loving looks cast at the happy faces. How busy those children were, packing and unpacking, setting out tables, warming up messes of pie and pudding, and wrapping up feet and rheumatic limbs in comfortable flannels.

Belle shared with alacrity in all the pleasant work. Her eyes flashed, her cheeks glowed, and it was not at all with a *blase* expression that she answered Eustace's question as they walked homeward in the gathering twilight over the crisp snow,—

"Yes, indeed, I am glad that Christmas has come, and that I came here. I never had such a grand Christmas in all my life."

"Belle," said her uncle, to whom Eustace had repeated her words, "do you know why you have enjoyed this Christmas day so much? It is because you have had fellowship with Christ, the great Christmas Giver, and have learned the secret of even his greatest happiness, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"—*Zion's Herald.*

Question Corner.—No. 25.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who are the only three Bible characters whose names commence with F?
2. Who are the only four Bible personages whose names begin with V?
3. How many days for repentance were granted to a city doomed to destruction?
4. Who was translated?
5. What man's hair when cut weighed over four pounds?
6. What is the name of the only person whose name commences with Q?
7. What king and what patriarch planted trees?
8. What king and his queen appropriated the vineyard of a poor man?
9. Who was clothed in camel's hair?
10. Who put goat's hair on his arms with intent to deceive?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 24.

1. Gen. 10: 8-11.
2. Gen. 10: 15-19.
3. Gen. 11: 10.
4. Gen. 11: 27.
5. Gen. 14: 13.
6. 2 Peter 2: 6, 7.

SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.

Initials, Issachar.
Finals, Naphtali.

1. Imrj.
2. Samuel.
3. Syria.
4. Ararat.
5. Cush.
6. Harp.
7. Arbana.
8. Roman.

MONEY PRIZES

TO BE GIVEN TO WORKERS FOR THE "NORTHERN MESSENGER."

In addition to the PRIZES OF BOOKS, which will be given on the same principle as found such great favor last year, we this year offer the following MONEY PRIZES:—

The person sending us the largest amount in money for subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER between November 19 (the day on which our offer first appeared) and February 1, 1887, we will give a prize of **TEN DOLLARS**;

To the person sending the second largest amount a prize of **SIX DOLLARS**;

The third largest, **FOUR DOLLARS**;

The fourth largest, **THREE DOLLARS**;

The fifth largest, **TWO DOLLARS**;

The sixth largest, **ONE DOLLAR**.

We hope to be able to report a very material increase in this season's subscription list, a thing which can readily be accomplished if our friends will go to work with a will, and AT ONCE.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

GREETING!

That festival which is pretty generally regarded throughout the world as a red-letter day will soon have come and gone again. For twenty years has the *Northern Messenger* added its good wishes to those of its readers' other friends as each succeeding Christmas-tide has come round, and it now extends to one and all the earnest hope that the next one may be to them, in the very best sense of the word,

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

RENEW WITHOUT DELAY!

Reader, do not allow your name to be taken off the *Messenger's* subscription lists, but RENEW PROMPTLY, and try to induce your friends and neighbors to be subscribers also.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year, post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.00 a year, post-paid. WEEKLY MESSENGER, 50 cents; 5 copies to one address, $2.00. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

OUR PREMIUM BOOKS

This year again our premiums to workers for the *Messenger* take the form of books, in consequence of those we gave last year having been so much appreciated by their recipients. To him or her who sends us FIVE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or ten renewals, *at the regular price of 30c per copy*, we will give, either

"Jessica's First Prayer" (Hesba Stretton),
"The Pillar of Fire; or Israel in Bondage" (Ingraham),
"The Prince of the House of David" (Ingraham),
Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," colored illustrations,

or

Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," colored illustrations.

To the person sending us TEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or twenty renewals, we give the choice of

"Uncle Remus, his Songs and Sayings,"
"Little Women" (Louisa M. Alcott),
"The Last Days of Pompeii" (Lytton),

or

"Ben Hur; or the Days of the Messiah."

For FIFTEEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or thirty renewals, we will send one of the following:—

"Barriers Burned Away," illustrated (Rev. E. P. Roe),
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or

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"Longfellow's Poems," illustrated, "red-line edition,"

or

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For FORTY NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, or eighty renewals, we offer the choice of

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